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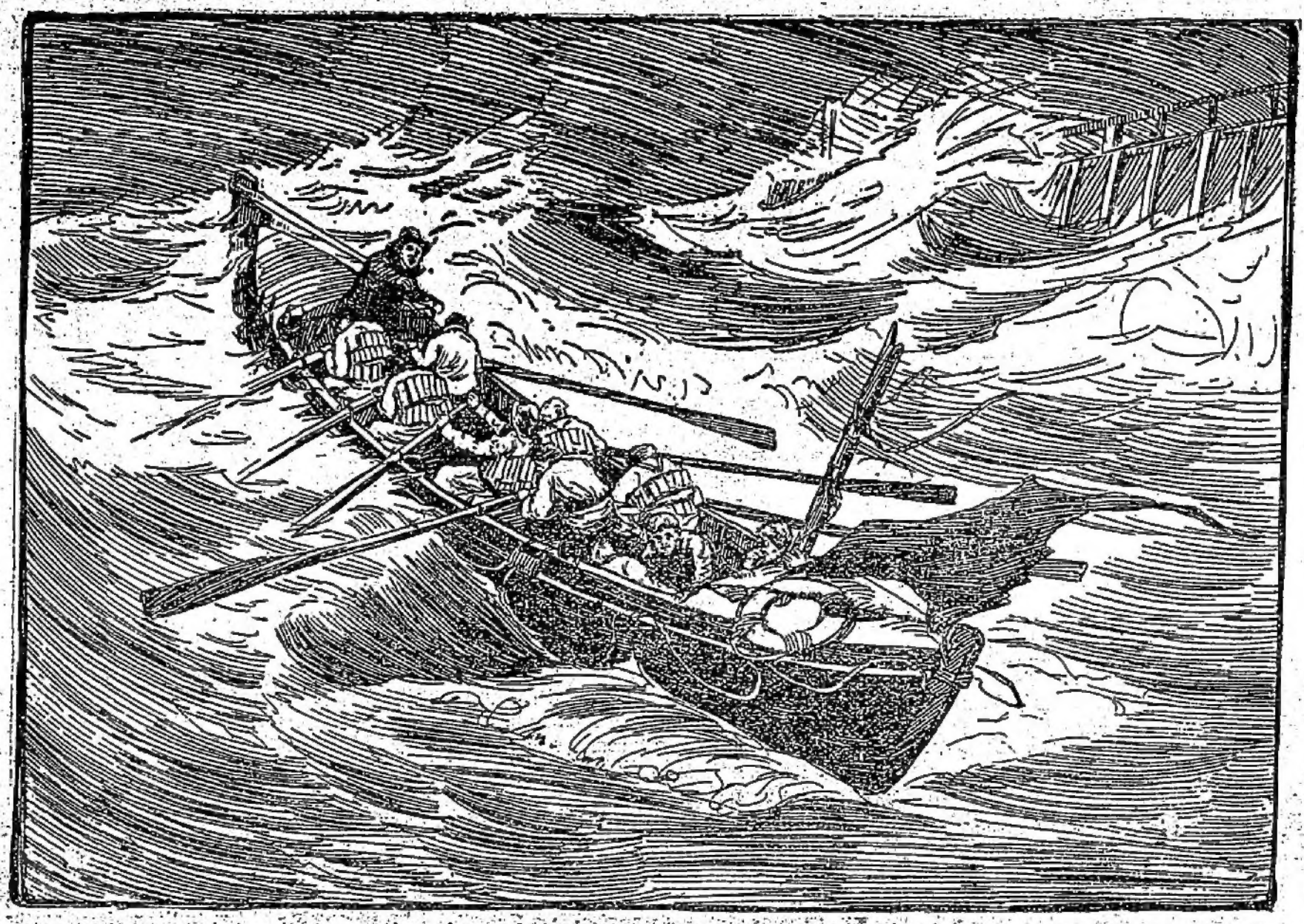

THE RETURN OF THE LIFE BOAT.

Refusing to be Rescued.

('Cottager and Artizan.')

I was once staying for a short holiday at a seaside town. The weather had been oppressively hot, and the storm cone had been hoisted as a warning that heavy weather might be expected. Many of the seamen had taken the warning, and their boats were lying at anchor in the harbor when the storm broke.

I was just about to sit down to breakfast one morning, when a rush of feet outside the house and cries of 'The lifeboat!' told me that a vessel was in peril. Rushing into the street, I assisted in launching the lifeboat, and stood among the crowd watching the brave crew hastening on their errand of mercy.

The vessel towards which they were pulling was quite unmanageable, and had drifted across the mouth of the harbor towards a group of rocks. Fortunately, however, a spit of sand interrupted her progress, and and though she bumped heavily upon it, yet it undoubtedly saved her from going to pieces so soon as she struck directly on the rocks.

The crew of the vessel were unaware, on account of the heavy sea, that the lifeboat was on its way to rescue them, and they accordingly made signals of distress to attract the attention of those on shore.

Meanwhile, the watchers in the harbor watched the lifeboat crew with straining eyes. It was frequently hidden from them by the rolling waves, but at last it was seen to reach the doomed vessel. To the surprise of the spectators, however, the wrecked crew, instead of availing themselves at once of the means of escape from their perilous position, appeared to be parleying with the lifeboat men.

After some time the lifeboat drew off a little and lay to for a short period. Again it approached the wreck, and the parley was repeated. Once more turning away, the lifeboat headed for the shore. The watchers were astounded. What could this singular behaviour mean?

On the return of the lifeboat the mystery was explained. The crew of the stranded vessel, evidently not fully realizing their danger, had refused to abandon their worldly possessions, and had tried to induce the coxswain of the lifeboat to take their goods on board as well as themselves.

He on his part had positively refused to endanger the live of the whole party by so overloading the boat. 'Our business is to save lives, not baggage,' he said, and accordingly he lay to for a time, and afterwards approached the vessel again with the offer of rescue. Again the misguided men refused, and accordingly there now seemed nothing else to do but to leave them to their fate.

'Is there any chance for them?' asked the harbor-master.

'None at all, sir,' was the reply; 'the ship has broken her back, and is filling with water. She cannot last another couple of hours.'

'Men,' said the harbor-master, turning to the lifeboat crew, 'will you risk another attempt to save them?'

'Ay, ay, sir!' was the reply, and in a short time the gallant boat was again on its way. There was no further parleying on the part of the ship's crew; their danger had become too manifest. So, abandoning their goods, they entered the lifeboat and reached the shore in safety.

As I witnessed their first refusal of the offer of rescue I could not help thinking, 'How must God feel, after giving his only Son a ransom for sinners, to hear the paltry excuses men will make for not accepting his salvation!'

But our God is full of love and mercy, and still holds out his offer. If men will turn to him, and in humble faith pray to be forgiven their sins, he will not reject them. But 'how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?'

A Wonderful Career.

(Herbert W. Horwill in 'The Christian.')

At thirteen a waif on the London streets; at thirty-five, the pastor of the largest congregation in Australasia—'Behold, if the Lord should make windows in heaven, might this thing be?'

About five-and-twenty years ago, passengers along the Caledonian road were accustomed, from the lordly eminence of the outside seats, to throw occasional backsheesh to an escort of ragged urchins, whose agility in turning somersaults relieved the monotony of a 'bus journey. If they had captured and questioned the nimblest and most impudent of the batch, they would have found that his name was William Ready; that he had earned his living in

that fashion since reaching the capable age of six; that his mother was dead, and his drunken father—an Irish Roman Catholic—had deserted him; that he never slept in a bed, but passed the night in an ash-box or under a railway arch; and that he did not know a letter of the alphabet.

One day, as he was standing on his head, he suddenly felt himself grasped from behind. This was the beginning of his civilization. It may be true, as a rule, that force is no remedy; but William Ready was dragged into the Kingdom of Heaven by the leg. Regaining his equilibrium, he found it was not a policeman this time, but a city missionary, who had long been anxious to rescue this promising arab, and had at last boldly executed a 'coup de main.' The prisoner appealed in vain for sympathy—the crowd around were only too glad at the prospect of getting the neighborhood rid of him—and within a few hours he became an unwilling inmate of George Müller's orphanage at Bristol.

The restraints of this institution, after the liberty of London open air, were almost unendurable, and many are the lively stories of insubordination during this period with which the reformed anarchist now regales his friends. The discipline at Müller's, however, was slowly doing its work, and he was a very different Ready, when, a year or so later, he was sent down to Chagford to become an apprentice to a Devonshire miller, Mr. William Perryman, who had written to the orphanage for a suitable lad.

At Yeo Mills he was in safe hands and among warm hearts. The very night of his arrival his new master took him up into a garret and prayed earnestly that the blessing of God might rest upon him. On Sundays he went with the rest of the household to the Bible Christian Chapel on the moor—the chapel, where, a few years ago, a distinguished London critic was delighted by the sermon he heard from this same Mr. Perryman, 'a local preacher in a tweed suit.' As a result of his employer's teaching, backed up by consistent example, William Ready soon became a Christian.

He had already begun to do some evangelistic work himself, when he removed to South London, where he had obtained a situation. Here he was in very different surroundings and exposed to much persecution, being on one occasion dragged round the room because he refused to stand drinks to his mates. At Southampton, his next place, he came under the influence of the late Rev. William Bray, who, not knowing the young man's inward strivings respecting his call to the ministry, placed his hand one day on his shoulder and said, 'Brother Ready, if we don't have you soon, we shall never have you.' He offered himself as a candidate, was accepted, went to the College at Shebbear for a year, and was appointed in 1885 to the Hatherleigh Circuit.

After spending a short time in the home work, he responded to an appeal from New Zealand, where more helpers were urgently needed. He won a good record by pioneer work on the Banks Peninsula and in Christchurch, but it was in 1890 that he made for himself his great opportunity. In that year the superintendent of the Bible Christian Missions, Rev. John Orchard, returned from a visit to England, bringing out with him a lady whom the young minister, to quote his own words, soon made 'as Ready as himself.' Mr. Orchard appointed the newly-married couple to establish a cause in the city of Dunedin. The outlook was not encouraging. Nine years before the Bible Christians had begun to preach there, but had retreated. Another Methodist denomination, in making a similar effort, had lost hundreds of pounds and its minister into the bargain. When on a rainy Thursday evening in April, Mr. Ready stepped out on Dunedin platform, his only resources were his wife, £45, and the faith which 'laughs at impossibilities.'

On Friday morning he went out to look for a hall. In Rattray street he found a building that would hold 350 people, and took it at once, paying for a month in advance. On his first Sunday at eight o'clock in the evening, he stood up with his wife in the Octagon, in front of the Town Hall, began to sing 'Where is my wandering boy tonight?' and then took as the text of his address an infidel lecturer's placard on the other side of the square. At the close he announced his forthcoming services at the hall, and declared his intention of continuing open-air work as well. The following Wednesday he took a house for twelve months, and put his name on the electoral roll. He had come to stay.

On his second Sunday he began his ministry at the Rattray Street Hall with a congregation of twenty in the morning and forty in the evening. A contemptuous article appeared in the local press, and it was with difficulty that he gained admittance into the Dunedin Ministerial Union. But when a man has as much fire in him as William Ready, the more cold water you pour on him the more steam he gets up. When he had been in the city only nine weeks he had made his influence so widely felt that he missed election to the licensing bench by only seventeen votes. 'You ask me,' he has said, 'why in prayer and speech and sermon I incessantly bring before God and men this greatest of all villanies—the liquor traffic? What killed my father? What dug my mother's grave? What sent me to beg and steal and starve for seven years on London streets? The drink. If the steel had pierced you as it has pierced me, you would not keep silent about it.'

Within a short time Rattray Street Hall was overcrowded at every service. Presently the owner wanted to raise the rent. An Irishman like Ready could not stand that; so he courted eviction, and removed in August, 1892, to the Lyceum, a magnificent building, seating comfortably 1000 people. It had been erected ten years before by the Free-thought Society. Outside is an allegorical figure of Justice, scales in hand, which reminds the visitor very forcibly that Dunedin Free-thought has been weighed in the balances and found wanting. Its congregation expired long before the lease, and its chief supporters had entirely abondoned their propaganda, the secretary having even become an active evangelist in Victoria. From the third Sunday onwards Mr. Ready crowded this hall at every evening service.

People from the country, if they had a Sunday in town, went to hear Ready, just as visitors to London go to hear Hughes or Parker. But hundreds among the regular attendants were people who for years had not been seen inside any place of worship. Striking cases of conversion were constantly occurring. In one instance a drunkard and profligate, who had for years been separated from his wife, followed the crowd from the Octagon into the Lyceum, and the steward, to whom he was quite unknown, happened to put him into the very same seat with her. Both were converted, and are now happily reunited. As early as the Rattray street days the church thus brought together sent a valuable missionary to China in the person of Miss Cannon (now Mrs. F. J. Dymond), who was well tested by the pastor in slum work before he permitted her to become a candidate for the mission field. And all the while, not only was a great variety of evangelistic work being done, Sundays and weekdays, but the life of the other churches received a lasting stimulus. When Mr. Ready came to the city there was no open-air evangelism except that of the Salvation Army. Now almost every denomination carries on successful outdoor work.

In August, 1893, he was for the second time faced with a demand for more rent, the rise now being from 25s. to 35s.. Determined to have his money's worth, Mr. Ready took the forward step of engaging, at £2 a week, the Garrison Hall, which seats 2000. On Sunday evenings it is well filled by a congregation which is said to be the largest in the Southern world. Since this last migration, he has had to fight exceptionally bitter opposition. An enemy of his on the town council, who has reason to dislike him, succeeded in passing a by-law which absolutely prohibited open-air preaching. Everybody knew at whom this was aimed. The gaoler, meeting Mr. Ready in the street, jocularly told him that he had a feather bed prepared for him. But it was long since there had been any terror for him in the name of a policeman. With a boldness which proved his apostolical succession, he went on, unmolested, with his outdoor evangelism, and the by-law is as dead as the Free-thought Society. He may have foolish opponents, but none of them are foolish enough to brave the public opinion of the city by making an open attack upon its most popular preacher.

Mr. Ready, whose work, owing to the recent union of Methodist Churches in the colony, now bears the name of the Methodist Central Mission, Dunedin, is now spending a few months in England. It is easy to see, from meeting and hearing him, that, though delighted and thankful at his success, he is absolutely upspoilt by it. When asked the other day to tell his secret, he replied that the way to succeed was to pray, work hard, and have faith in God. So has this 'brand plucked from the burning' become a bright light to lead his fellows in the paths of purity and truth.

I understand that in the best-informed circles of London society it is generally agreed that the Gospel of Christ, though an interesting subject for academical discussion, has no longer any real uplifting and saving power. Somebody ought to tell Mr. Ready this—and prove it to him—before he goes back to New Zealand.

Storm-Tossed.

We may not sail the boisterous wave
Of storm-tossed Galilee,
With Christ, the Master, in the boat
Upon the treacherous sea.

We may not hear those words of power,
That mandate, 'Peace, be still,'
Or see those restless, angry waves
Obey that Sovereign will.

Yet often, on life's troubled seas,
'Mid billows mountain high,
Our little bark nigh overwhelmed,
Carest Thou not? we cry.

E'en as we call, the answer comes,
The whisper, 'Peace be still,'
And howling wind and angry sea
Obey their Sovereign's will.

He speaks the magic words of peace
And calms the troubled heart,
We know our gracious Master's voice,
And all our fears depart.

Now, as of old, when tempests rage
He wakes to still the storm,
And at His gentle 'Peace, be still,'
The gale becomes a calm.

—Harriet E. Banning in New York 'Observer.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

An Object Lesson.

(Hattie Lummis in 'The Presbyterian.')

'Such a lovely morning, isn't it?'

Christine sighed.

'I suppose it is,' she returned, grudgingly, as if it cost her an effort to make even so simple a concession. 'I'm not in a condition to judge. Oh, papa, I can't eat all that steak. Don't give me more than half as much, and I don't care for any muffins, thank you.'

On the cherry trees outside the window an oriole broke into song, as if his inward ecstasy could no longer be restrained.

Christine sighed.

'The birds waked me so early this morning. Wouldn't it be a relief if they had some sort of discretion as to the right time to begin their serenades. It makes one feel so completely used up to lose one's sleep.'

Some of the hardest habits to overcome are those which fasten themselves upon us by such imperceptible degrees that we never realize we are forming such habits at all. A severe illness more than a year earlier was doubtless primarily responsible for the fact that Christine was given to chronic complaining.

During her tedious convalescence every ache and pain had been a matter of interest to the family in general, while her whims and fancies had been deemed worthy of serious consideration. Christine had enjoyed this atmosphere of affectionate concern. She liked to feel that when a question of great or little moment was to be decided, the thing uppermost in the thoughts of her parents was the effect the decision would have upon herself. And when returning health removed her claim to especial consideration, she attempted to retain her place as the influential member of the household by making much of those little ills which fall to the lot of the most favored.

As she ate her breakfast with the languid air which had become habitual with her, even when her appetite was the best, her brother Rob attempted to create a diversion.

'Great news this morning. We're going to have company.'

Christine regarded him plaintively.

'I wish I might have been consulted first. Unless I feel much better than at present, I shan't care to exert myself making visitors have a pleasant time.'

'This isn't a frivolous kind of company,' returned Rob, with a chuckle. 'And it didn't wait for an invitation; just sent word to expect it in the six o'clock train.'

'It's your great aunt Betsy,' explained Mrs. Morris, casting an anxious glance at her daughter's downcast face. 'And, as Rob says, it is quite unlikely she will care to go about very much. She is almost eighty.'

Christine sighed again.

'I don't know but a sick old lady in the house is even worse. Illness is so depressing.'

Later in the day, however, when she watched Aunt Betsy clamber out from the hack which had brought her from the station, and briskly march up the front walk, Christine admitted that she presented an appearance as far removed as possible from that suggested by the term 'a sick old lady.' Aunt Betsy's eyes were bright, her withered cheeks were tinged with pink, and her alert manner seemed to imply an excellent appreciation of the good things of this present life.

When the family met at the late supper, Christine wore the pensive air she frequently adopted, unconsciously influenced by the fact that it was so likely to provoke sympathetic questioning. In the present instance it was effective.

'Aren't you feeling well, dear?' asked her mother, anxiously.

'Only a headache,' answered Christine, with a martyr-like intonation hardly justified by the almost imperceptible pain in the region of her temples.

'Headaches!' cried Aunt Betsy, from the other end of the table. 'I guess there's nobody livin' that can tell me much about headaches. When I was a child I used to have a kind of sick headache that would almost scare mother to death. Sometimes I'd be in bed as much as three days with a ragin' fever all the time. The pain was mostly in the top of my head, but sometimes it would creep down to the back of the neck, and keep up a thumpin' and a throbbin' for all the world like a steam engine.'

Christine could not help thinking that this was very tiresome, but her reflection proved no check to Aunt Betsy's flow of eloquence. She seemed to have eighty years of headaches in tabulated form somewhere ready for reference. She told of headaches brought on by indigestion, headaches caused by colds, headaches which were the forerunners of attacks of sickness. With much detail and great exactness she described the remedies which had proved more effective in each instance. All through supper this cheerful subject was continued till Rob, whose sense of humor was sometimes a severe tax on his politeness, found it difficult to preserve an expression of unvarying sympathy and interest.

During the next week Christine learned some valuable lessons in discretion. If she casually remarked that she had slept poorly, the observation was enough to launch Aunt Betsy on a tide of reminiscence regarding sleeplessness in general. The family were treated to a minute account of a bad night she had passed in the summer of '45, when, having partaken freely of a somewhat indigestible dish, she had been unable to sleep, and so had risen, lighted her lamp, and read till morning. Aunt Betsy's auditors were also allowed to hear a careful comparison of the efficacy of reciting the alphabet backward as a charm to woo unwilling sleep, with the counting of a flock of sheep as the imagination pictures them—in the act of jumping a wall. In each case the subject thus unthinkingly introduced proved too fascinating to be dropped until it was exhausted, along with the patience of the listeners.

Nor were physical afflictions the only sort competent to open the flood-gates of Aunt Betsy's recollections. Christine was sensitive by nature, and having at some unlucky moment discovered that the cultivation of this frame of mind may be the means of gaining many practical benefits, she had become unreasonable and exacting. In spite of some serious faults, Christine was a lovable girl, and her friends bore with this failing so patiently as to prevent her from re-

cognizing its true nature. Now, however, as if she had taken a peep into some magic glass which reflected more than the surface of things, she saw her own suspicious and exacting moods mirrored in Aunt Betsy.

The old lady's memory was as excellent for slights as for diseases. The ribbons in her cap trembled with indignation as she related how Elmiry Brand, one of her mates in the district school, had neglected to invite her to a husking-bee given sixty-three years earlier. 'Every girl of my age for ten miles 'round was there,' Aunt Betsy would explain. 'And the only reason for it was jealousy. I had beat Elmiry at the last spellin' match, and she was dreadful proud of her spellin'.'

Casual remarks dropped by acquaintances who had been in their graves forty years or more were cherished by Aunt Betsy as if they had been something precious. 'It sounds smooth enough when first you hear it,' she would sometimes say, 'but if you stop to think you'll see a kind of underhand meanin' to it.'

Indeed, it was this faculty of discovering an unpleasant significance in things seemingly inoffensive which first suggested to Christine that her great aunt and herself had some disagreeable traits in common.

It was not singular that her pride rose in rebellion when the likeness first dawned upon her.

'I'm not like that,' she cried, defiantly. 'Nobody can say I'm like that.'

And common sense answered coolly, 'No, not yet; but if at eighteen you show such a fondness for dwelling on the disagreeable side of things, it is probable that by the time you are eighty, as far as this characteristic is concerned, you will be the successful rival of your great Aunt Betsy.'

Aunt Betsy's visit lasted three months, and though the old lady's natural kindness of heart had won her a place in the regard of every member of the family, it must be admitted that her departure brought a sense of relief rather than of regret.

'It's kind of comfortable,' Rob observed, 'not to have miseries served up in every course in every meal, though perhaps'—he looked across the table at his sister, a teasing light in his eyes—'perhaps Aunt Betsy's mantle will fall on somebody else.'

'Robert!' exclaimed his mother, in dismay, and, indeed, three months earlier the remark would have sufficed to send Christine from the table in a passion of tears. But now, though the color rose high in her cheeks, she smiled bravely back.

'No, Rob, I'm not going to pattern after Aunt Betsy in these things any more. It's quite time to bring about a change.'

Rob looked at her askance, then drank his coffee with meditative air.

'The change seems to have already taken place,' said the irrepressible youth. 'Well if it proves lasting, sister mine, your example may inspire some other member of the family to make a few good resolutions on his own account.

Emergencies.

It is important for every boy and every girl to have presence of mind. Perhaps you think you have. Many of us think we have, too. But, after all, it is not what you and I think we would do if our house should take fire, or our boat begin to sink, or a highwayman confront us, or an earthquake yawn beneath us; it is rather what we actually do when we are in the thick of such peril, that determines our presence of mind. There are no persons so remarkably level-headed as those who are free and easy, out of the reach of danger.

The other day I heard a story of unusual presence of mind. It was told me by one who had himself received it from an officer of one of the great railways that cross the Alleghany Mountains.

'There,' said the officer to my informant, as both were going about a great central station, where cars and locomotives were made, repaired and kept, 'there is the very man. If he wants any favor of the railway, he has only to ask for it. The rest of us come and go; but he stays, and may stay, service or no service, till death removes him. The railway is grateful to him, and will always hold him in honor.'

Many years have elapsed since the incident happened; many more since the telling of the tale to my friend. The details and the coloring vary somewhat as they pass from mouth to mouth. No doubt, when you have finished the story, you will say, 'Why, that was the very thing I would have done myself.' But would you have done it? Here is the story:

Puff, puff, puff! It was hard work; for the grade was steep and the train long and heavy. The engine panted as if its strength were failing. And no wonder! For miles and miles up the slopes of the Alleghany Mountains it had been tugging its precious burden, and there were many miles more before it should reach the summit and tarry a while to regain its strength.

The changing scenes kept the passengers in a tremor of half-joyful, half-anxious excitement.

'How beautiful that wooded slope!'

'Shall we ever get to the top of the ridge?'

'Ah, here we go through a tunnel!'

'That great boulder looks as if the slightest jar would bring it down upon us!'

'Oh, here comes some trestle work! How frail it looks! And what a dizzy height! If it should break under us—oh!'

Just then a quick, sharp whistle was heard. To those that understood it, it said imperatively, 'Down brakes, and be quick about it, too! Instantly the brakemen were straining at their posts as if every life were threatened. Indeed, it was their duty on these hard, treacherous grades to stand by the brakes and use them at a moment's warning. People thrust their heads out of the car windows, and some hurried to the platforms, and there was a deal of nervous questioning. What was the matter? Had an accident happened? Was there any danger? No one seemed to know. Not even the brakemen were informed.

Far up the road the engineer had caught a glimpse of an awful peril. It was a train of runaway freight cars. For a moment it was in plain sight dashing around a curve. Then it was lost in the woods. No engine accompanied it; there was no brakeman visible; there was no sign of life anywhere about it. Nowhere on the grade at that time was a down train due. The cars were without control; there was no doubt about it, and there was nothing to check their descent. Already they were running furiously, and every second their speed was increasing. A collision seemed inevitable.

What should the engineer do? To stop the train would not mend the situation. To reverse the engine and go the other way—there was hardly time for that. Besides, it would only postpone the result, and make it more dreadful because of the increased headway of the runaway cars.

The engineer viewed the situation on every side. Plan after plan rose before him; plan after plan was dropped. But it was all done with that wonderful speed which the mind shows when under the stress of a swiftly nearing danger. In that brief time the engineer lived hours. Suddenly there was a ray of hope, a possible plan of safety. 'Down brakes!' he whistled. This was the signal to which we have already called attention.

'Free the engine from the train!' he shouted to the fireman. The engine was uncoupled and the train was left lagging behind. 'Now jump for your life!' There was no time for parley. The fireman leaped, fell, and scrambled to his feet again. Then the engineer put on full steam. Freed from its burden of coaches the locomotive responded at once.

'Now fight the battle for us!' exclaimed the engineer as he sprang from the steps. His quick eye had chosen a favorable spot on which to alight. Though thrown headlong with some force, he was on his feet promptly enough to see his train roll by at a lessening speed, under the full control of the faithful brakemen.

That something serious had happened or was about to occur began to be clear to the passengers. One or two had seen the fireman jump, two or three the engineer; and larger numbers from the car windows had caught snatches of men that, soiled and bruised and dazed, were trying to rise to their feet by the side of the track. All was excitement and tumult. Some began to leap from the cars.

Up the track, meanwhile, went the iron monster to meet the foe alone. Down the track, into full sight, came the wild freight cars with a speed so great that they almost rose from the rail as they rounded the curves. Nearer and nearer, the speed of each increasing. Then they flew at each other in mighty, tiger-like rage, as if there were blood to be shed and nerves to be torn asunder.

The crash shook the hills. A great roaring cloud of steam burst into the air, another of dust and debris boiled up and mingled confusedly with it. Then the shattered end of cars shot out here and there from the smoke, and a grinding, crackling mass rose up. Quivering in the air a moment, it reeled, and then went crashing down the embankment into the ravine below. When the steam and dust cleared away, there were the deep, ugly furrows in the roadbed, and the splintered ties; and the bent and broken rails, and the nameless fragments of an utter wreck, to mark the scene of the fierce encounter.

The gallant engine was a hopeless ruin; but it had done a noble service. It had fought a battle in which hundreds of lives and untold interest were at stake, and it had won it.

With tears of joy and gratitude they blessed the engineer whose quick wit and daring plan and instant execution saved them from a fate that at one moment seemed beyond human power to avert. And to the poor locomotive that lay dismembered and useless on the rocks below, there went out a kind and tender feeling, as if, in giving its life to save others, it had shown something akin to the love and bravery and sacrifice of a noble human being.—'Christian Work.'

The Power of Prayer.

If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

—Tennyson's 'Passing of Arthur.'

Ki Bono.

It was the year after the war that Ki came to us—the same summer, in fact, that the great railway, stretching itself across the country, came through the southern part of the State, and passed directly over the lower end of our meadow lot.

Father was speaking of it yesterday, and he called it a coincidence that the railway and Ki should have come to us together. I suppose it was one of God's coincidences. I have noticed before this that his accidents often come in pairs.

It was in summer, I said, that Ki came, just at haying time. Father was down at the bars when he came along the road and begged for work.

'What's your name?' father asked him.

'Ki,' was the simple answer.

'Ki what?'

'Ki Bono.'

Father laughed. Although he was a farmer, he had been to college, and understood that some former master had named the negro—I was going to tell you that Ki was black, oh, very black—by the Latin phrase, Cui bono,' probably wondering 'for what good,' possibly, the little pickaninny had come into the world.

'What can you do?' my father continued.

Ki showed his teeth. Such splendid teeth! We girls always admired them. 'I kin pick cotton, massa,' he said.

'Can you mow?'

'Guess so. I's mighty quick to learn.'

So father called out to me. 'Peggy,' said he, 'take this man in and give him some supper. I think he'll do.'

And Ki did do—do a splendid deed that I'm going to tell you about, only that was years after—this last summer, indeed. All that time Ki stayed with us, and there was not one of us but loved him—dear, faithful, patient, trusty old Ki! The tears are in my eyes as I am trying to write it all now.

Ignorant black man and slave though he was, I know that his soul is white like the snow that is coming down so softly upon his grave this sad November afternoon.

It was that same summer, too, as I was saying, that the railway was carried through our meadow. It had been talked about for a long while, but we had hoped it would never come. We always held a kind of grudge against the iron rails for passing so near us and cutting off the prettiest portion of our favorite meadow lot. And we never to this day have grown quite used to the roar of the train and the shriek of the locomotive as it comes rushing by in the night. It always disturbed us all except Ki. Somehow the negro and the railway struck up an intimate and lasting friendship.

Although Ki was intelligent enough about most things, toward the locomotives that went up and down the road he seemed to feel a sort of superstitious awe, looking upon them somewhat as the earlier Indians regarded the first ships that came over the Atlantic.

Almost every evening in all those ten years, if the night was fine, Ki would light his pipe after supper, and go down through the orchard to the meadow-lot, and sit there until the train went by. That was not until ten o'clock, you know. There were two passenger express trains each day, one at morning and one at night. Of course there were plenty of freight trains running at all times.

But I must hurry on to my story, only it seems necessary to tell you all these things first, so that you may understand. And then it is all so sad to think of—that which I have yet to tell you—that I am fain to linger upon the details, putting off as long as possible what is to follow.

It was one hot afternoon last August that Patty came in from the barn—Patty is my sister Martha. Father always insisted on calling us girls Patty and Peggy. We were old-fashioned farmer's girls, he said, and he liked us to have the old-fashioned country names.

Well, Patty came in and said that there was somebody upon the hay mow asleep. She had heard him snore.

Ki jumped up when Patty told us this. 'It's them dirty trampers,' he cried. He looked upon all tramps—and they were very common on the Brookville pike—with contemptuous disdain. They were always allied in his simple mind with the 'white trash' of his native South.

So, with Ki at our head, and Rover, too, we took up our march for the barn. Ki was very big and strong, and afraid of nothing—at least nothing in human form.

He seized a pitchfork, and climbing the ladder, sprang eagerly into the hay, very much as a terrier dives in among the rats the instant a door is opened for him. Presently we heard his voice. He seemed to be stirring up somebody. 'Come, now, wake up here! What you t'inks? Gwine to lay abed all day? Rouse out, now! Time you was on your trabbels, I reckon.'

There was somebody growling and grumbling in response to this, and then down the ladder, one after another, came four men, unwashed and poorly dressed, as desperate and villainous-looking wretches as you would care to meet.

They glanced at Patty and me sullenly, and muttered something or other, I could not exactly tell what, only it was half profanity. I had Rover by the collar; but it was as much as I could do to hold him back by hand and voice.

Ki came down behind them, and escorted them out to the road, talking to them in his peculiar style all the time.

When he told father at supper about the tramps, he thought they might be men who had committed some crime or other, and were obliged to remain in concealment during the day. It was not until afterward that we thought of connecting them with an outrage that had been committed several days before over on the Central Railway.

The track had been torn up with the evident intention of throwing a passenger train down an embankment. Luckily a freight train came along just before the other, and two lives were lost instead of hundreds.

That evening, after supper, Patty and I went to Content Coleman's. We stayed quite a while; indeed, it was nine o'clock before we arose to go, and then it took us more than half an hour to get fairly started.

The stars were shining brightly, and, as it was somewhat nearer, we concluded, instead of going around by the road and over the hill, to go down the track and across the long railway bridge.

The river was quite wide there, and there was a trestle-work bridge across it, covered for a short distance at the middle. Perhaps it was not the safest course for us to take, crossing in the dark by the narrow plank walk; but we were strong, healthy girls, and did not at the moment think of danger.

There had been a heavy rain recently, and the river was full. We could hear the water rushing and gurgling by as we stepped upon the boards.

We advanced boldly enough until we came to the covered part, which was some forty feet long.

Then we hesitated, and Patty was half inclined to turn back. But I laughed at her, and, taking firm hold of each other's hands, we moved bravely on.

I don't know how it was exactly, but as we reached the very centre of this part, which was roofed over, almost creeping along in the darkness, Patty and I, with one accord, clasped each other's hands more closely, and a shudder seemed to seize both of us. I think we felt at that moment the presence of some person or persons beside curselves beneath that covering.

We stood quite still for an instant, and each involuntarily uttered the other's name. Then we hurried on more rapidly and less carefully toward the opening at the other end.

Just as we got there—just as we were stepping out into the starlight again, something occurred that might well have paralyzed hearts far stouter than those of two country girls.

It was Ki's voice that rang out loud and clear and distinct, from the darkness behind us. And his words were so terrible that, for an instant, we sank down helpless, fully catching their meaning, yet unable to stir an inch. This was what he said:

'Run, girls! run for your lives! Git a lantern and stop the train! These yer dirty trampers has torn up the——'

This was all he said. We heard a low curse, and a dull sound, as if a blow had been given, and then the words seemed to fade and gurgle out in an awful groan.

It is three months now since then, and yet last night I awoke from a sound sleep, and heard that groan of Ki's as plainly as I heard it that August night.

I think both of us realized fully the situation—our own danger and that of the train even now due—from the very first. Only we were so terribly frightened, that for a moment we could not move.

What roused us was a shout and an oath from one of the tramps.

'We must ketch them gals!' he cried, 'or they'll spoil everything.'

We heard the sound of heavy boots on the planks, and then I gave a violent jerk at Patty's arm, and away we went, running as we never had run before; and we girls were good runners, you may be sure. Many a race had we had with the Harding boys up and down Sky-Hye Hill—yes, and beat them, too. There was little fear of these men overtaking us.

For a moment or two I expected to be shot at; but it was probable that they had no pistols. And I really believe that after the first fright the thought uppermost in our minds was the ten o'clock express.

We knew that we must stop that at all hazards; and we were praying in our hearts that we might be in time.

Ki had said, 'Get a lantern!' We turned off at the meadow bars and ran up through the orchard. By a special providence, as I cannot but believe, father was in the barn with a light.

We told him the whole story in a half dozen words, and then all three hurried back to the railway and down to the track.

The trainwreckers were nowhere to be seen. Probably, now that the alarm had been given, they had thought it best to hurry away.

The road was straight for a mile or two, and away down the track there, just how near we could not tell, was the glittering headlight. Father advanced towards it swinging the lantern round and round.

It did not seem half a minute—it was not much more than that, really—before the train was upon us.

The whistle shrieked. Oh, would they never stop?

Father kept his place, still swinging the lantern, until the engine was within a few

feet of him. But the brakes had been applied and the train was slowing up.

Presently it stopped, not half a dozen rods this side of the river, and men came running back. It did not take long to repeat the story.

And that is all—all except the part I dread most to tell; and yet the part I would most of all have you and all the world know.

We went back and found poor Ki lying there, tied to a beam beside the track, stone dead, with a terrible wound across his forehead.

Anywhere, in all your books, will you read me a deed like this? Can you name me a hero of any race greater than this poor negro martyr? His thick, honest lips could not tell us the story. They were white and bloodless now, and would never speak to us again.

But we understood it all without a word from him. He had discovered the wreckers at their fiendish work. They had bound him there, and tied a handkerchief over his mouth, so that he should not betray them.

But he had managed to fairly gnaw the rag away with his sharp teeth; and when we came along, recognizing us as we hesitated a moment in the middle of the bridge and spoke each other's name, he had waited until we were at a safe distance, and yet within plain hearing, and then, knowing that a man stood over him with that terrible iron bar, which we had found all bloody beside him; knowing that a single word from him would be followed by the dreadful blow that would end his life; knowing all this, and knowing it well, he had deliberately calculated everything, and fearlessly, and at just the right time, spoken the warning that had lost him his life, and saved that of hundreds.

Oh, I tell you it was not my father alone, and Patty and I, that wept there that night for poor Ki.

When presently they collected a purse of money, and wanted to give it us girls for what we had done, I was so choked with grief and indignation that I could not speak. But Patty found her voice, and told them it belonged to him, not to us.

And so they gave it to father to buy a monument for Ki; and you can see it now if ever you go by on the cars. It is down there in the meadow-lot where he used to sit and smoke, and watch the train go by. And this is the inscription upon it:

'Cui Bono?'

Men asked the question at his birth. His heroic death has answered it.—'Round the Evening Lamp.'

The Lord's Omnibus.

A good man living in the town of Brilliant, Ohio, has bought an omnibus which is dedicated to the service of his Master, Jesus Christ. This omnibus will hold twenty-five people, and every Sunday morning it moves slowly down the three long streets of the town, a mile in length, stopping wherever signalled, to gather in the people who are too young, or too old, or too feeble to walk to church. Ever so many dear people who have not been able to go regularly to church in a long time now have the opportunity. Of course, the omnibus has to have horses to draw it; but its owner has a pair of fine ones who work during the week and take this three miles' trip and back each Sunday for exercise. There are many places where a Sunday omnibus to church would be a blessing. And there are many who are old and lame and feeble who would be very glad if the Lord's omnibus would come along and pick them up and carry them to the house of prayer.

Jack.

(May Belleville Brown in 'Chicago Inter-Ocean.')

There were four of us, all born on our Kansas farm. I was the oldest, and at that time was 12 years old, Susie was 10, Dan was 8, and Lincoln 5. Mother had not visited her old home in Pennsylvania since I was a baby, so, that she might spend a winter there, father's sister, Calista, had come west to mother us. Mother had been gone two days when the stage from the nearest railway town, thirty miles away, had brought our aunt.

We found her to be a maiden lady of some 40 odd, with glistening spectacles, a kind-hearted face, but a primness about her mouth that told of prim ideas and ways. She found us a disconsolate little brood, missing our mother for the first time in our lives, hovered drearily about the fire in our comfortable living room, in the gathering dusk, consoling ourselves with Jack, as he was the only cheerful and sympathetic one of the

'WE FOUND HIM IN THE KENNEL.'

party. She gave us a motherly greeting that warmed our hearts, but when we dragged Jack forward to share the caresses he was turned away. She might as well have thrown cold water over our little group as to have shut Jack out from her heart.

He was 'only a dog,' as she said, and, it must be confessed, not a pretty one. None of your glossy Scotch collie, nor curly black Newfoundland, nor tawny St. Bernard, but just plain, mongrel, yellow dog, with stubby hair that raised itself in a ridge along his backbone, from ears to tail, if anything threatened one of us, the while he would growl deep in his throat, with a sidewise glance of his eyes, but with the kindest and most faithful heart that a dog ever had.

We children grouped ourselves behind the stove, discontentedly. We had no heart for picture books or popcorn that night, for, instead of being in our midst, Jack was exiled to the dark and cold. And after we went to bed our whispered indignation was not, I fear, very respectfully expressed.

Aunt Calista was one of the kindest of foster mothers, though her rule was a little more strict than that to which we had been accustomed. Our comfort was carefully looked after, and various gingerbread men and doughnut horses, to say nothing of mince and apple turnovers, that were tucked into our pockets or dinner-baskets, were proof that she thought of childish tastes. Our play hours were curtailed a little, our tasks a trifle prolonged, but that was no hardship to healthy children. We would have grown to love her dearly had it not been for her attitude towards Jack. For him there were no more evening naps beside the fire, no subdued rough-and-tumbles with Link over the carpet, no waiting at the back door, with impatient whinings and scratchings.

'Your father needs a watch dog, no doubt,' she would say to us, 'but not a house dog. He has a warm kennel, and you can carry his meals to the barn for him, so there is no need of having him about the house. And you are not to spend your time romping with him, either. It is rough on your clothes, as well as your manners.'

Several times Jack came pleadingly to the back door, but finally, one day, Aunt Calista threatened him with the broomstick, and after that he did not come again. This indignity to Jack so wounded Link's feelings that he disappeared entirely after supper, and only after a frantic search did we find him, in the kennel, cuddled down with the dog for a pillow, and with tear stains on his round cheeks.

Aunt Calista was used to the cold winters of Michigan, and professed herself stricken with wonder and delight at our Kansas weather, as the weeks passed by, with only an occasional hard freeze.

'You Kansans don't know what you have to be grateful for, Aleck,' she said to father one day. 'You don't have any winter at all.'

Father smiled quietly as he replied:

'Never mind, Calista; we'll give you a taste of winter by and by that will make you think a Michigan winter is Italy.'

One afternoon, when father brought the milk into the house, he told us all to stay in the house, but he said no more, for fear of frightening aunt. Almost before father was back at the barn the air grew thicker, and great flakes of snow began to fall and drift. I had seen him take the clothesline from the back porch as he went out, and I knew he intended to fasten it to the well curb at the corner of the house, for a guide when he came back. He was gone a long time, for he had a great deal of work to do before all the stock could be protected from the storm. Suddenly Aunt Calista remembered that his heavy comforter was folded away in the press in the wall.

'There, children,' she exclaimed, bringing it out, 'that careless father of yours is out in all this storm without a thing tied around his neck. He'll catch cold, sure, and we'll have him in bed. You stay here and I'll run to the barn with it. I'll be back in a minute.'

'Oh, Aunt Calista, don't!' I called after her, but she had opened the door and stepped out. The light streamed across the porch, so she had no chance to see how thick the air was until she was lost in it. I stood in the door and called after her a moment, but the wind seemed to tear my voice away before it was six inches from my lips. Then a great gust rushed past me, slamming the door against the inner wall and blowing out the light, so that I was glad enough to be able to creep back into the house. It took all my strength to shut the door against the wind, and by that time Susie and Dan and Link were crying with terror, and I tell you I felt like it myself, as I groped about in the dark for a match.

I was alone in the house with the children, I was afraid father was lost in the storm. I was sure Aunt Calista was, and that she would likely be frozen to death; as she had only thrown a light shoulder shawl over her head. I knew enough about blizzards to know that there is not much chance for any one out in one alone. I quieted the children as well as I could, and then, when the wind didn't seem to blow so hard on that side of

the house, opened the door, and, closing it quickly after me, stood outside. Holding to the outside storm door, I called and called, again and again, but my, I could scarcely hear my own voice, so I came in, and we huddled down, miserably frightened, to wait.

It seemed hours that we heard only the rattling of the wind. Then there was a stamping on the porch, and father opened the door, out of breath, and white with powdery snow.

'Where's auntie?' he asked, looking wonderingly at us.

'Oh, father!' I exclaimed, breathlessly, 'she took your comforter out to you. Before I could stop her she opened the door and ran out, and that was long ago, and I've called and called, and the wind blew my voice away, and—and——'

Here I broke down and commenced to cry for the first time. Father stood perfectly still for moment, and though the wind had reddened his cheeks his face turned white.

Then he began to act. Getting his lantern and a wrap, and telling me to have hot water and blankets ready when he came back, though I knew by the sound of his voice that he was hopeless, he went out, to explore the yard as far as his rope would reach. The light of his lantern could only be seen a few minutes, and we were alone again.

He went over every step of the yard, and then spliced his rope, and went farther out, but it did no good. He couldn't drop the rope, for then he, too, would be lost and perhaps we would all perish.

After a long time he came to the door again. I never saw any one look so terrible as he did when I met him at the door. He seemed ten years older than when he had started out.

'Lida,' he began brokenly, when there came a sudden little lull in the wind, and we heard a faint sound that was not of the storm. It was a dog's high-keyed, long-drawn howl, and though it was in the opposite direction from Jack's kennel, we both knew it was Jack.

Father took the rope and hurried as best he could in the direction of the sound. A lull came while he was on his way, and he shouted to Jack, who answered 'Row-row-row-w-w!' with a joyful howl. He went to the end of his rope and called again, and again Jack answered, right beside him. He had to reach as far as he could to touch the dog and hold the rope, too.

Aunt Calista lay, almost unconscious, on the ground beside the dog, with her hand tight in his collar. Father loosened her hold and, picking her up, started for the house, Jack following. It was hard work to carry her and take in the rope, too, and he was almost exhausted by the time he reached the door. There Jack, in memory of sundry rebuffs, started to slink away, but father called him in, and even Aunt Calista feebly motioned her hand to have him come.

Such a busy, joyful time as we had over the rescued and the rescuers. And no one was happier than Jack, and he wriggled himself about the room, in every one's way, but not scolded. Aunt Calista soon recovered from her numbness, for, though it had seemed hours to us, she had really been out but a short time and had kept moving, and then she told us her story.

Jack had been sitting in front of her as she talked, listening attentively, with his head on one side, and when she had finished she leaned forward, took his homely yellow head in her hands and kissed him between his honest, brown eyes.

'Jack,' said she, 'if you will only forgive me for my crossness and let us be friends, it shall be for always, you dear, good dog.'

And Jack told her, by wagging his tail and licking her hands, that he accepted the apology in the spirit in which it was given.

I REMEMBER LOCKING MY FINGERS IN HIS COLLAR.'

Waiting For Something to Turn Up.

It seems strange that in this big and needy world any man should say: 'I can't find anything to do.' There is certainly enough to do, and not too many to do it. The difficulty lies somewhere between the man without work and the thing that needs to be done, and it lies nearer to him than to the object that is waiting to be used.

I have seen great stones in a field, too great to be moved with the ordinary strength of the hand, and too stubborn to move themselves. Always one of two conditions exist, if not both; the stones are in the way, or they are needed somewhere else. I hitch the old bays to the stone-boat and arm myself with the crowbar and go after those stones. Every man has a crowbar, a God-given leverage, and if a stone is in his way, he can do much toward removing it; and if he needs a stone, he finds it somewhere, and he can turn it up and roll it over until it serves his purpose.

Why is it that our neighbor, crippled-handed Jim Tanner, always has something to do? And why is Mick Dawson always busy, serving some one, and helping himself? Why don't you find something to do? Young Doless there lets the weeds grow all over his yard, and all along his sidewalk, and never seems to notice that pales are missing from his front fence. Do you suppose anyone is anxious to take him in as a partner? Will they be likely to help to set him up in business?

Tom Painter has nothing to do, and his large family is in want. He has just lately refused several jobs because he could not get a price sufficient to yield him three or four dollars a day. But his neighbor, Ridgeway, a hard-handed, common sort of man, has taken the same jobs and is making a dollar a day. That may not seem to be big wages, but it is a hundred cents better than nothing.

These are mighty hard times, and men's muscles are becoming flabby, and their nerve is failing, while they neglect their own native leverage and wait for something to turn up. There is much coal in the hills yet, and there are many precious stones hid away in God's earth. And there is many an enterprise lying dormant in the sluggish lives of some men who are pressing the store boxes, and courting the sympathy of their neighbors who are like themselves. I pity them. My heart goes out to them. But, my brother, there is something that you can do. Go down there and rake the leaves from your yard. Burn off the brush and rubbish. Trim up the trees and bushes. Tack on the pales. Make your premises clean and neat. You can attract the attention of neighbors and passers-by. And the world needs the man who writes industry all over his home, or the place in which he dwells.

'I am looking for a man,' said a merchant.

'I'll tell you where to find him,' said I. 'He lives in your part of the town. Sid——'

'Oh, I know him. I don't want him. He's no account. He won't work. His gate has been off its hinges all year, and every other board of his walk is either gone or loose. He won't suit me.'

Sid is waiting for something to turn up. And it won't be very much that will turn up for him.

Apply your leverage. That is what Jim Tanner does. He has not had as much education as you, his boyhood training was not in his favor, but he finds plenty to do, and keeps his family comfortable. You can hardly expect anything of real worth to turn to your hand, if you do not turn your hand to something as the farmer applies his crowbar to the stone that is either in his way, or may be used to better advantage elsewhere.

Be 'diligent in business.' You 'have no business?' Then make some. Take your hands out of your pockets and move with a business air at least. If you are a stranger, just come to town to live and find something to do (not as a tramp)' they will say: Who is that? He seems to have some respect for himself. He looks as if he might amount to something. Or, if you are an 'old citizen,' well known, they will say, 'Jim means to do better. We'll help him.' You never tried that. If you did, you quit it too soon, if to-day you are at the same old task, 'waiting for something to turn up.'—R. S. Stevenson in New York 'Observer.'

In an Unguarded Moment.

(Jennie Chappell in 'Children's Friend.')

'Four points to us, hurrah! The game is ours.'

'It's not!'

'It is! The ball was outside the line.'

'It was not! It was just within.'

Bella Brent's face was very red and her eyes flashing through tears of mortification as she made this assertion. She hated to lose a game. She wanted to show the Johnsons how well she could play. But to-day everything had gone against her.

'Are you sure, Bell?' asked her cousin Lily. 'It looked to me as if it was outside. Really it did!'

'That's a story!' flashed Bella,

SHE FLUNG HER RACKET ON THE GRASS AND STALKED AWAY.

fairly in a passion. 'I suppose you want to make out that I cheat, like you do. Everybody knows that you try to cheat, and I shan't play any more.'

She flung her racket petulantly on the grass, and stalked away in dudgeon. She knew—yes, she knew that after the ball touched the ground it twisted so peculiarly just an inch or so, from the wrong side of the white mark to the right, and she was nearly mad to think that it had been noticed.

The others could not go on playing without her, she had spoiled the game. Lily picked up the two rackets, and saying good-bye to her companions, walked slowly homewards. She had been accused of cheating—of cheating habitually!—and that before comparative strangers who did not know how untrue it was.

'Ting-ting!' the warning bell of a bicycle smote sharply on her ear, but her eyes were full and she could not see which way it was coming.

She started aside, but that was a blunder, and the next moment she was lying flat in the road, stunned by the shock of a collision; while the cyclist disentangled himself from the ruins of his wrecked machine.

* * * *

'Is Lily very, very bad, mother?' asked Bella, with white face, when the news of her cousin's accident was told her.

'I am afraid she is! She was dreadfully delirious all night, they say, and talked of nothing but the occur, Bella, during the game that evening?'

'I—I—. What sort of unpleasant, mother?' asked Bella, turning as red now as she was white before. 'Nothing happened to Lily.'

'Her mother told me that she says over and over again, "I didn't cheat! I never cheated in my life. Tell them I don't. Say it isn't true!" And then the poor little thing begins to cry, and says that "they," whoever that may be, will believe that she is a story-teller and a cheat.'

'Oh, well,' confessed Bella, 'we certainly did have a bit of a fall out, but—but it was nothing.'

Bella's mother looked searchingly at her, and said no more; if her little daughter were anyway in the wrong, she prayed that her conscience might be awakened to see it.

And so it was. Nearly half that night Bella lay awake, sobbing, and saying to herself, 'Oh, if Lily should die! If I should never be able to tell her I am sorry, and didn't mean it—if she should die without ever being happy again! Oh, God, do please have mercy upon me and let poor, dear litle Lily get better and know that I am sorry!'

And God was merciful. Next day Lily was better, but it was many days before she was well enough to see her cousin, and all that time Bella's spirit was weighed down by such remorse and penitence as she had never known before. There was still a danger that Lily might die without saying that she forgave the wicked accusation which had indirectly caused her so much suffering.

But at last Bella was allowed to go up to the little invalid's room.

She kissed Lily's pale face very tenderly, and then made haste to 'get it over.'

'I'm so glad you're better, dear,' she said. 'And I'm so sorry I said —that—the evening we played with the Johnsons. It wasn't true. I'd tried to cheat, and—I was so wild I didn't care what I said. I want you to forgive me! And I've told the Johnsons. They didn't think it of you, all the time. Mary Johnson said she saw exactly how it was. But I told them I'd never said such a thing before, and I never would again. And I think they believe me. You will forgive me, won't you, dear?'

Of course she would! The children kissed each other again, and Bella sat by Lily's side, holding her hand, for a long time.

She had learned a lesson from one unguarded moment that she would remember all her life.

If I Were You.

If I were you, and went to school,
I'd never break the smallest rule;
And it should be my teacher's joy,
To say she had no better boy,
And 'twould be true,
If I were you.

If I were you, I'd always tell
The truth, no matter what befell;
For two things really I despise—
A coward heart, and telling lies.
And you would, too,
If I were you.

—'Kind Words.'

The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver.

(M. A. Sands, Morris, Minn., in Ram's Horn.')

The quiet, orderly Sunday-school in the little town of N——., had finished the review of the lesson, and the superintendent now spoke of the barrel they were soon to send to the poor children in a large city many miles from there.

As soon as they were dismissed the girls gathered in little groups talking excitedly of the things they should send.

All except one, Mary Lee, a poor widow's daughter, who stood watching the groups for several minutes with wistful, longing eyes, then as she walked slowly by them, she heard one exclaim: 'And, oh, girls! I'm going to send one of my dolls. I have so many, you know. I think I will send the one with the blue silk dress. I have had her so long, I am really getting tired of her, and, besides, my aunt, in Paris, just sent me a new one. It's beautiful. You ought to see it, girls. She is dressed like a rich bride. Arrived last night. Come up next week and I'll show her to you.'

Mary heard no more, as she hastened along to hide the falling tears which would persist in chasing each other down her thin cheeks.

Then she thought of her mother working hard to support the family; certainly it was not her fault that Mary had no doll to give. She did not wish to trouble mother. She would not let her see she had been crying, so she quickly dried her eyes and as she entered the tiny cottage she greeted her mother with a cheerful smile.

Mrs. Lee saw beneath the smile an eager, wistful expression, and by a few gentle questions drew from Mary's lips the whole story. As she finished, Mrs. Lee said:

'Well, my dear, do not feel so sorry because you cannot give a beautiful doll as your class-mate will, for there are many things of more value than dolls, some of which I think we have. Some of those poor children know nothing of Jesus and his love. A Bible would tell them this, and so very much much more. You know, Mary, dear, you have two little Bibles. Would you not be willing to send one to them?'

'Yes, mother, I will send the new one that grandma gave me last Christmas. The other is much smaller and very old, but I should rather keep it and send the new one.'

'That is right, my dear,' said her mother. 'It is always better to give the new and keep the old ourselves.'

As Mary went to get the Bible her eyes fell upon the neat roll of Sunday-school papers she had been saving so long, and above them hung the beautiful drawing of Jesus blessing the little ones. 'How the poor children would enjoy the papers, and the drawing would seem still more beautiful to those who had never seen the picture of Jesus' loving face.'

As these thoughts came into Mary's mind, she felt willing to give the picture also, though it was very precious to her.

* * * * *

The day came for the barrel to be packed. Many of the gifts were those the givers were tired of or had been replaced by new. Mary's gifts were also there. She had given the best she had—had given because she loved to give.

The train had stopped, the barrel had been taken off the car with the rest of the bagage at the large city where it was sent. Soon it was carried away by the dray-man and left in a large hall in which the poor people had gathered to receive the gifts. Mary's first gift—the Bible — was soon handed out and eagerly grasped by a thin-faced girl not more than ten years old, whose eyes lighted with pleasure as she gazed upon the book. She had wanted a Bible of her own so long, and now this beautiful one was hers. Many times before she had resolved that if ever she had a Bible she would read it every day, and to-day as she stood with it in her hands, she made the same resolve, never to be broken.

Next was the beautiful doll given by Mary's schoolmate, as eagerly grasped by another little girl.

The drawing was given to a poor crippled boy whose thin, white face shone with delight as he gazed at it, longing to be one of the little ones Jesus blesses.

The papers were handed to another litle boy who was very fond of reading, so he, also, was pleased with his share of the presents.

* * * * *

Many years have passed since Mary sent her three gifts along with the others in the missionary barrel. Let us see what good the presents did.

The kind-hearted old lady who sits in her chair reading the Bible to the children, gathered around her knees, still remembers the day it was given to her with the name 'Mary Lee' neatly printed inside. The little girl who received the beautiful doll is also an old lady, but she has nothing to remind her of the day it was given to her.

The little crippled boy, although no longer a little boy, still sits patiently in his room waiting to be 'called home.' Above his bed hangs the picture of Jesus blessing the little children. He gazes at it fondly, no longer wishing to be one that Jesus blesses, for Jesus is blessing him now. The Sunday-school papers also did their work. The little boy who received them was so interested in the stories that at first he went to Sunday-school to get more of them, but now he goes to the same little church to preach every Sunday. Mary is a dear old lady now, but she still remembers the verse that came to her as she carefully packed her three gifts, 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.'

You Can Never Tell.

You can never tell when you send a word—
Like an arrow shot from a bow
By an archer blind—be it cruel or kind,
Just where it will chance to go.
It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,
Tipped with its poison or balm;
To a stranger's heart in life's great mart
It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell, when you do an act,
Just what the result will be;
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
Though its harvest you may not see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil;
Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow
And shelter the brows that toil.

You never can tell what your thoughts will do
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe,
Each thing must create its kind;
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

LESSON IX.—MAY 28.

Christ Before Pilate.

John xviii., 28-40. Memory verses, 38-40. Compare Matt. xxvii., 11-26; Mark xv., 1-20; Luke xxiii., 1-25.

Golden Text.

'I find no fault in him.'—John xix., 4.

Home Readings.

M John xviii., 28-40. Christ before Pilate.
T. Luke xxiii., 1-12. Mocked by Herod.
W. Matt. xxvii., 15-25. Rejected of men.
T. John xix., 1-16. No fault.
F. Acts iv., 23-30. Powerful enemies.
S. Heb. xii., 1-6. Example of suffering.
S. Heb. v., 1-9. Perfect by suffering.

Lesson Story.

After the trial before the Sanhedrim, the chief priests and elders led Jesus from Caiphas' palace in Jerusalem to the Pretorium, Pilate's hall of judgment in the same city.

It was very early in the morning of the preparation day before the festal Sabbath, and the Jews would not enter the hall of the Roman governor for fear of ceremonial defilement. They sent in their Prisoner bound with cords, and waited outside to accuse him to Pilate. The governor went out to ask what charge they had against Jesus; they answered, haughtily, that they would not have brought him to be judged if he were not a criminal. Then Pilate sneeringly bade them take away the Prisoner and judge him by their own law. But the Jews replied that they could not deal with him, as it was against the Roman law for the Jews to put any man to death. (Jesus had prophesied his death, Matt. xx., 18, 19; John xii., 32; and they were bound to fulfil his prophecy.)

The Jews then brought three charges against their Messiah. These charges were political, as the governor would listen to no other sort. They accused our Lord (Luke xxiii., 2) of perverting the nation, of prohibiting taxpaying and of calling himself the annointed king. These charges were utterly false in the way they meant Pilate to understand. Truly Christ was the King of Israel, but not in the worldly, political way that they pretended to fear.

Pilate was astonished at these charges against the meek and lowly Prisoner, and did not believe or take the trouble to investigate them. Going back into the judgment hall, he called Jesus to his trial, asking simply, as a matter of form, Art thou the King of the Jews? But it was our Lord's turn now to question, 'Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me?' This was a most important question; if Pilate were asking from a Roman, political standpoint, Jesus must deny the charge. But if he were asking from the standpoint of a Jew and speaking of the Messianic kingdom, Jesus must acknowledge the title and stand by the consequences, for he is Lord of Lords, and Kings of Kings.

But Pilate rudely answered, 'Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee unto me; what hast thou done?' Jesus answered, with calm dignity, 'My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now is my kingdom not fr[illegible].' 'Art thou a king, then,' asked Pilate again.

Jesus answered, 'Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice.' The kingdom of Christ is vaster far than that of the proudest earthly monarch. The kingdom of truth has for subjects all who will hear the voice of Truth (John xiv., 6), and be led by the Spirit of Truth.

'What is truth?' demanded Pilate. Then, conscious of his own false, weak nature, he would not stay to hear the answer, but hastily leaving Jesus, he went out again to the Jews, acknowledging that he could find no fault in the Prisoner. Then the priests were more fierce, saying that Jesus had stirred up the people all over the country from Galilee to Jerusalem. When Pilate heard that Jesus was a Galilean, he at once sent him to Herod, the governor of Galilee, who happened to be staying at Jerusalem at that time. Herod was glad to see Jesus, hoping the Lord would perform some great miracle for him to see. But to all Herod's questionings, Jesus answered nothing, though the chief priests and scribes vehemently accused him. Then Herod and his men of war mocked the Saviour with cruel sneers, and robing him in purple sent him back to Pilate.

Then Pilate called the chief priests and scribes and again declared that he could find no fault in Jesus, and neither could Herod find any fault in him. Pilate then offered to chastise our Lord and let him go free, as one prisoner was always released at the time of the passover feast. 'Will ye therefore that I release unto you the King of the Jews?' But the priests stirred up the people to clamor for the crucifixion of the innocent Jesus, and for the release of a noted criminal, named Barabbas.

Lesson Hymn.

Jesus is standing in Pilate's hall,
Friendless, forsaken, betrayed by all;
Harken, what meaneth the sudden call—
'What will you do with Jesus?'

Will you evade Him as Pilate tried?
Or will you choose Him what e'er betide
Vainly you struggle from Him to hide—
'What will you do with Jesus?'

Will you, like Peter, your Lord deny?
Or will you scorn from His foes to fly?
Daring for Jesus to live or die—
'What will you do with Jesus?'

—A. B. S.

The Bible Class

'The King'—Matt. ii., 1, 2; xxi., 5; xxv., 34, 40; Luke xix., 37, 38; John i., 49; I. Tim. i., 17; vi., 13-15; Rev. xv., 3; xvii., 14; xix., 11-16.

'The Kingdom'—Matt. vi., 33; v., 3, 10, 19, 20; vii., 21; viii., 11; xiii., 11, 24; 31, 33, 44, 45, 47, 52; xviii., 3, 4, 23-25; xix., 14, 23; xxii., 2; xxv., 1; John iii., 3, 5; Acts xxviii., 23, 31; Rom. xiv., 17; I. Cor. v., 20; Rev. xii., 10.

'The Truth'—John i., 14, 17; iii., 21; iv., 23, 24; v., 33; viii., 32; xiv., 6, 17; xv., 26; xvi., 13; xvii., 17, 19; Matt. xxii., 16; Eph. iv., 24, 25.

Suggestions.

As Palestine was under the Roman control, the Jews had to refer all civil-legal matters to the Roman governor, they were forbidden by law to punish with death. The worst punishment was the Roman death by crucifixion, this they decided would be the best way to get rid of Jesus, the Son of God.

Pilate, the governor of Judea, was a cruel, cowardly tyrant, the Jews hated him, and he feared and hated the Jews. The priests thought that he would naturally be glad to put Jesus, the Jew, to death without asking any reason. But Pilate was willing to spare Jesus in order to spite the chief priests.

When they threatened to report him as hostile to Caesar, the Emperor, if he let the King of the Jews go free, he cowardly did their bidding, though he three times declared that he could find no fault in Jesus.

Pilate's wife sent word to him that she had been warned in a dream that he must not condemn this righteous Man. But the mob clamored for the crucifixion of their king, and Pilate weakly yielded. Taking water, he washed his hands before the multitude, saying that he would be innocent of the blood of Christ, and the people answered: 'His blood be on us, and on our children.' But water could not wash away Pilate's guilt. It was his duty to protect the prisoner in whom he could find no fault. Everlasting dishonor and contempt rests on his name because of his treatment of the Son of Man.

How are you treating the Son of Man, your Saviour?

Practical Points.

BY A. H. CAMERON.

The Jews were more afraid of ceremonial defilement than of bad morals. They strained out the gnat and swallowed the camel (verse 28).

The Jews were too haughty to answer Pilate's searching question. How can we answer it? (verses 29, 30).

The Gentiles as well as the Jews had a hand in the crucifixion of Jesus. Well may we regret sins, since they slew our best Friend (verses 31, 32).

The kingship of Jesus shines out bright and clear in the dialogue between Pilate and Christ, but the governor does not see the sun as it gleams through the clouds (verse 37).

Pilate asked a practical question, but would not wait for an answer (verse 38).

Pilate wished to wriggle out of the box into which the Jews had placed him, but his wavering will was cowed by the voice of the rabble (verses 38-40).

Tiverton, Ont.

C. E Topic.

May 28.—Established in heart. Rom. i., 11, 12; Ps. cxii., 1-10.

Junior C. E.

May 28.—What lessons can we learn from Paul's shipwreck? Acts xxvii., 9-44.

The Catechism on Beer.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Publication House.)

LESSON XV.—THE HISTORY OF BEER.

'The glass of beer prepares the palate for the glass of whiskey.'—Gustaffson.

Do we know the origin of beer?

There is no reliable account of its invention.

What is its earliest historical mention?

That Osiris, King of Egypt, introduced a drink made of barley 1900 before Christ.

What is the earliest mention of beer in Europe?

Tacitus and Pliny about the time of Christ speak of the Germans having a liquor made of barley or wheat, and fermented to a spirit.

Beer was probably introduced into England about this date by the Romans, and its use afterward increased by both the Danes and the Saxons, who successively came as conquerors.

How long was it the prevailing drink in England?

Till about 1700, when they took to drinking gin on a large scale, and since that time both gin and beer have been popular.

Old English history is full of references to beer and beer-drinking customs. When we come to the time of Queen Elizabeth, we find each serving-maid with the allowance of a gallon of ale for breakfast, and some of the poets professing to care neither for food or clothing, so they could have 'plenty of good ale and old.'

What greatly increased beer-drinking in England in 1830?

The Beer act, making it an easy matter for anybody to open a beer-house.

When was beer introduced into America.

In 1620, by the Puritans, who brought it with them in the 'Mayflower,' and thought they could not live without it.

Did they continue to use it?

Not to any great extent, for it was some years before they could raise grain enough for bread, and their own severe starvation starved out the beer.

For many years the settlers of New England lived mostly without intoxicating drinks—till Jamaica rum was introduced during the French and Indian war. Then slowly followed cider and whiskey, and, quite recently, the German beer. So America laid its foundations and largely developed without much beer.

When did its use begin to increase rapidly?

In 1850, when the use of lager-beer began to be pushed and cried up by the Germans.

Are Doctors to Blame?

A short time ago in a certain town (which shall be nameless, because the local circumstances are only referred to as an illustration) a number of ladies interested in the temperance cause sent a memorial to the medical men, asking them to refrain from ordering alcoholic liquors on the ground that such prescription might give rise to the formation of intemperate habits; they also pointed out that if alcohol were required it was quite possible to give it in the medicine. It appears that this action was much resented by at least some of the doctors, and a medical paper has lectured the ladies on

the absurdity of their suspicions and told them in effect to mind their own business.

The writer who has taken on himself to defend the profession in this high-handed fashion has made a great mistake. The repudiation, however vehement, of the statement that medical orders are sometimes the cause of intemperance is absurd.

We say most emphatically and of our own knowledge that the way in which some medical men recommend people to take intoxicating liquors has been one cause of intemperance, has started or restarted men and women we know on the road to ruin, and has been a serious obstacle to the success of the temperance cause. We do not say that the medical men concerned have intended to ruin their patients. But we do know of cases in which medical men, well aware that their patients were addicted to intemperance, have not only not insisted on total abstinence, but had told them to take some form of intoxicating liquors. Besides that, it is not perfectly clear that people would not develop a craving for drink if they had not been in the habit of taking it; next, most people would not take it unless they thought it was good for them; and what is more convincing (to persons, we grant, only too ready to be convinced) that this drink is beneficial than the fact that the majority of medical men are constantly ordering it?

This thing is done lightly; done without sufficient consideration of the awful consequences which sometimes follow; done, we suppose, under what we cannot but call a misapprehension; done because old teaching and habits have engrained themselves deeply; done because others do the same and a contrary course is, or is supposed to be, unpopular. But, whatever the motive, good, bad or indifferent, the consequences are the same, and the profession must in one way or other be constantly reminded that something more is expected from them than mere routine advice regardless of consequences. There is superabundant proof that alcohol is lowering the average vitality and morality of the nation; those who advise the means to this end are partly responsible for the end itself. It is time that those who pride themselves, and justly, on their efforts to stamp out disease and remove its causes, should take special pains not to recommend that which is a more prolific cause (immediate or remote) of disease than any other.—'Medical Temperance Review.'

In a New York Opium Den.

During her recent visit to America to attend the W.C.T.U. Conventions, Sister Lily, of the West London Mission, took the opportunity of exploring the slums of New York, and shortly after her return to London she gave at St. James' Hall an interesting account of her slumming experiences and impressions.

Being told that they wanted to see the very worst that New York had to show, a well-known saloon keeper of the 'Bowery' suggested to Sister Lily and her companions that they should go into one of the opium joints of China Town, to which he promised to conduct them. The suggestion was agreed to, and about half-past two in the morning they set out. Reaching a quiet-looking house, they were shown into a dark, unventilated cellar, in which were several opium-smokers, one of whom had been there for ten months. After describing the way in which this man prepared a small piece of opium for smoking, Sister Lily says: 'Then

THE MOST AWFUL EXPRESSION

came over the man's face. It was really almost a devilish look. . . . . Then he said to me, 'Here, have you ever smoked opium?' 'No,' I replied. 'Won't you try? I will give you a new pipe, and I will teach you gently. Try once. You do not know what it is. Try once; I will teach you.' And then something happened which made a great impression on me. A haggard-looking boy of about twenty years of age was standing watching at the other side of the room, and he suddenly came across and said, 'Do not touch that, I beg of you; do not, do not touch that. If you tried it once, it would be the beginning of hell upon earth for you,' he said. And although I assured him he need not be afraid, he never took his eyes off me and when I was going out he said, 'Oh, I am so glad.'

'We then went upstairs, and I think it was worse than what I had seen below. I found the room filled with American girls and Chinese men, and these men were teaching those girls the beginning of opium. It seemed horrible to me—girls of seventeen and eighteen just beginning that life.'

Surely such testimony against opium from one of its slaves, 'It will be the beginning of hell upon earth for you,' should make Christians in this country more than ever determined not to rest till they are free from complicity in a trade which makes a hell upon earth for those whom it is their duty to love as themselves.'—'The Sentinel.'

A Costly Drinking Bout.

A case which came before the Admiralty Division of the High Court recently disclosed the costly consequences of drink. It seems that a steamer named the 'Harold,' in passing through the Manchester Ship Canal, was driven at a high rate of speed, and 'ran into and smashed the Latchford lock gates, her engineer, who was intoxicated, not having eased the engines.' The Canal Company claimed damages to the amount of £13,701, and they were finally awarded £12,987. Mr. Justice Barnes, who had to review an assessment of the damages which had been made by the assistant registrar and merchants, said it was a 'singular and extraordinary accident, due to the negligence of the man in charge of the engines.' An abstaining engineer would have saved his employers this large pecuniary loss, and the Canal Company an undefined inconvenience and loss which are not met by the money award. The 'Morning Advertiser,' in reporting the case, omits to say that drink was the cause of the negligence.—'Temperance Record.'

Writing of the International Congress against the abuse of alcoholic drinks, which was held in Brussels, Mrs. Hunt says:—'Every paper there given which represented scientific investigation taught total abstinence most convincingly. "No one could attend the sessions of this Brussels Congress as I have done and not be convinced that total abstinence is the only safe rule for individual life," said Baron Plessen, Lord Chamberlain of Denmark, who was one of the delegates. His friend, Dr. Combe, from Switzerland, surprised us by saying that alcohol found few advocates in the section of the Congress devoted to medicine, while a delegate from Germany reported a medical temperance association in that country with a membership of 180 total abstaining physicians.'

Correspondence

Sydenham, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thank you most sincerely for the good I have received from your delightful paper, the 'Northern Messenger.' I believe you are a good man. I believe you love children, for you take a fatherly interest in their welfare. I live on a farm, seven miles from Owen Sound. My brother joins with me in wishing that you may long be spared to carry on your good works.

GRACE H.

Bobcaygeon, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Our village is situated on three small islands. In the summer time tourists come from the United States and parts of Canada, to fish. We have five churches here.

BERTHA B.

Guest, Ala.

Dear Editor,—A kind friend is sending the 'Messenger,' and I enjoy reading it very much. I am a 'shut in,' and have been all my life. I would like very much to correspond with friends of our little paper. I enjoy reading so much, that is all that I can do to pass the long day. If any one would write me I will assure you of an answer.

MARGRET HAMIL, Guest,, Ala.

Blissville.

Dear Editor,—I read the 'History of Greece' one week. I was much interested in the stories of Perseus and Jason; also at the droll legend of King Midas of the Bryges. Midas was missing fruit from his beautiful garden, and set a trap for the thief, and caught him. The robber was Silenus, the tutor of Bacchus. He was released on the condition that everything that Midas touched would turn to gold. And so it did—clothes, food and everything that the king touched turned to gold, and he found himself starving. So the gift was taken away. In remembrance of his folly his ears grew long like those of a donkey. He hid them by wearing a tall cap. Nobody knew of them but his barber, who was threatened with death if ever he mentioned those ears.

STANLEY K. (aged 12).

Northport.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the Sabbath-school lesson, and it is a great help to me in my lessons at Sabbath-school. We live by the seashore, and have great fun to bathe and take our books and sit on the banks and read.

JANIE B. (aged 11).

Fulton Brook, Queen's Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—My oldest sister takes the 'Messenger,' but she is away this winter at school, as we have no school here in the winter. She intends to be a teacher if she can. My little baby brother will be five on Oct. 2 next. He is very cute, and says some very funny things. His name is Ralph Augustus Lloyd. My papa and oldest brother work in the lumber woods.

E. EDNA F.

Dear Editor,—I am going to tell you a story about a little boy. He was an orphan, and lived in the boys' home. We lived near the home, and I used to take Sunday-schol papers and cards there very often. One day this little boy met with an accident. He called and said he wanted to see me. 'Oh,' he said, 'I am awfully afraid to die.' 'Why,' I replied, 'if you trust in Jesus and give your heart to him, he will take care of you.' I then told him the wonderful story of Jesus and the little children. He told me he thought it was only big rich people that came to Jesus. He gave his heart to Jesus, and that night he passed peacefully away, murmuring the sweet words of Jesus: 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom.

L. S.

Halfway River, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My home is surrounded by maple trees, which are very pretty in summer and autumn. The train goes by our place, and my father keeps the post-office. I was at Pugwash last summer; it is a very pretty place in summer, but in winter it is cold and bleak.

MINNIE F. (aged 11).

Inisfail, Alberta.

Dear Editor,—I am very fond of reading and sewing. We live fifteen miles from town. I was converted at the age of eleven, two years ago last May. I would like to get a letter from L.S.

MAY HILL.

Glencoe, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would like to tell the readers of the Correspondence Page this time about the wild flowers of spring in Glencoe. The snow stays here till about the first of May, so our wild flowers are kept back; but when they burst forth from their green beds they seem to be rushing on to make room for the others which follow soon after them. About the first flowers we have is the Spring Beauty. It is seen in abundance along our roads, and is a very delicate looking little flower, and fades soon after it is pulled. About the same time as the Spring Beauty appears we have the wild Bleeding Heart. This is a queer little flower, and affords great amusement because of its funnily shaped flowers, all along one stalk, like our garden Bleeding Heart. When these two flowers have almost all faded and gone, the Dog Tooth Violet appears. This flower has the loveliest scent of all the rest, and is of a bright yellow color, with rich streaks of brown through it. The Purple Trillium then comes forth with its great green leaves. This has a very pretty blossom, but I never cared for the plant because of its very disagreeable perfume.

All this while we have some violets, of three colors, white, blue and yellow. By the twenty-fourth of May these are in their magnificency, and we often gather great bunches of them. These violets are just a small species of the Mayflower, which really does not grow in our part of the province. Shortly after this we have the yellow pond lillies, chocolate blossoms and the more common daisy, dandelion and buttercup. I love these spring flowers, and would like to hear about the spring flowers in other part of our Dominion from some of the correspondents.

MAMIE.

HOUSEHOLD.

Roasting Meats.

'I picked up a cook-book the other day,' said a woman who is noted for the daintiness of her cooking, 'and one of the first things my eyes fell on was this statement: "Almost any housekeeper knows how to roast beef and mutton."

'I have boarded quite a number of years of my life, and have travelled around the world a good deal, and I must say that my experience decidedly contradicts this assertion. I emphatically declare that the people who know how to roast beef and mutton are few and fer between—at least, if one may judge from the results of their efforts in this direction. Perhaps it is because they do not select the right kind of beef and mutton, to begin with, but certainly the chippy, tasteless and unrelishable stuff that passes under these names is anything but a compliment to the skill of the cook.

'To begin with, there is often a grievous fault in the roasting-pan. It may have been carelessly washed, and the taste and smell of stale grease may be lingering around it in an unmistakable atmosphere. The roasting-pan ought to be cared for with just as much attention as a milk-pan, for if the taste and smell of dead dinners gets into fresh meat it takes away the fine flavor of the very best article. The pan should be scalded in very hot soda or potash water, not merely washed over, but thoroughly cleansed, then rinsed with boiling water until no suggestion of meat odor clings to it. The meat should be washed and all scraps trimmed off, also all bloody pieces, for here the first unpleasant taste of stale meat begins. Indeed, in hot weather it is scarcely possible to keep it fresh for twelve hours. Put the meat into a very hot oven, that it may commence to cook immediately. This gives a much better flavor than when it gradually warms up, and also keeps in the juices. Meat that is sizzled and simmered in an oven is scarcely worth eating. Some cooks save the drippings from the previous roast, then use them for basting; but they must be very sweet, and should be carefully covered to be fit for this purpose. It is well to put the roast in the oven without any seasoning for the first fifteen or twenty minutes, then add a little boiling water and the required seasonings. Some cooks sprinkle a dessertspoonful of sugar in the pan; others sprinkle flour over the meat. One of the best of cooks sprinkles her roast with corn meal which has previously been browned in a frying-pan over a hot fire. This gives an extremely rich and delicious gravy. After the meat has cooked half an hour, it should be thoroughly basted every ten or fifteen minutes. The main points in the roasting of meats are a perfectly clean pan, a very hot oven, and thorough and frequent basting.—'New York Ledger.'

A Stand-By Dessert.

We both like sweet things, and as we are seldom without friends staying with us, I never have a dinner without a dessert, though not of the elaborate kind. In strawberry season I have strawberries and cream from one week's end to another, and if there is a sameness about it, I am reassured from time to time by hearing some one quote Sydney Smith's remark, that no doubt the Creator could have made a better berry, but he never did.

In summer time, after the clear stone peaches begin to ripen, I have peaches and cream, and I am very sure that any doctor would agree with me that peaches had better come on the table in this form than as pies, especially pies of the deep dish variety, abounding in crust, no matter how light that crust might be. It is not until the last clear-stone peach of autumn has been gathered that I fall back on what my husband alludes to as my 'old stand-by,' and my little two-year-old niece, my most frequent visitor, calls 'apper foat.' Apples are to be had during the greater part of the year, and as my husband always keeps a prize cow, and my hens never stop laying altogether, I can nearly always have apple float, when other desserts are out of reach; and I have never yet had anyone at my table who fails to eat it. And then I can prepare it without giving myself a headache. No matter how busy the cook may be, it does not interfere much with her other duties to stew a few apples in a saucepan after I have peeled and cut them up. After that is done I run them through a sieve, sweeten them slightly, and then add them spoonful by spoonful to the whites of three or four eggs that I have been beating up in a flat dish; after they have been thoroughly beaten together, I drop the mass, spoonful by spoonful, into a dish of cream that has been sweetened and flavored—vanilla is my favorite extract—for this purpose. When berries or peaches are no longer to be had for the gathering, and when one hasn't time or energy for desserts requiring more care, there is nothing within my experience as a housekeeper preferable to apple float. It has the merit of being always wholesome, and always a success. Cakes may be stratified, and puddings may be lumpy; pie crust may be heavy and ice cream may come to grief in the making; but when the ingredients are what they should be, it is simply impossible for apple float to turn out a failure.—'Christian Work.'

Rusty Irons.

Flatirons that have become rough from rust or starch should be rubbed with yellow beeswax. Have a cake of the wax tied in a piece of coarse cheesecloth. Heat the iron until it is very warm, but not hot; rub the iron briskly with beeswax, and then rub quickly with a clean, coarse cloth until the surface is smooth.

Selected Recipes.

Old-Fashioned Cookies.—Cream together, says the New York 'Ledger,' in a large earthen bowl two cups of granulated sugar and one heaping cupful of butter. After these ingredients have been beaten and stirred to a cream add one egg, beating it thoroughly through the sugar and butter. Grate in a quarter of a nutmeg, and if one likes add also a level teaspoonful of caraway seeds. Gradually pour in a cupful of milk, stirring gently through the mixture. Sift two and a half cupfuls of flour with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder into another dish. Gradually stir the flour into the mixture in the earthen bowl. If this amount of flour does not make a paste stiff enough to roll out, add a little more. The paste, however, must be soft to give them the delicacy so desirable. Roll the dough out a quarter of an inch thick on a floured board, cut with the cutter and bake in rather a quick oven, watching closely that they do not burn. In order to have them crisp and snappy do not put in a jar or box until they are quite dry after baking.

Raisin Cake.—Cream one cup of butter and two cups of sugar. Add one cup of milk, three eggs, two cups of raisins (stoned), one grated nutmeg, a tablespoonful each of grated cloves and cinnamon, about four cups of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Make about as stiff as pound cake.

Ginger Cookies.—Take one cupful of molasses, let it scald, and stir in one dessertspoonful of soda; then pour it over a mixture of one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of ginger and one egg. Stir well and add one tablespoonful of vinegar; add flour and roll thin.

Rusks.—Bread dough, sufficient for loaf of bread. Knead in one heaping tablespoonful of butter and one cupful of sugar. Roll thin. Spread with melted butter, then sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Roll together in form of roll of wallpaper. Cut crosswise in pieces one inch thick. Place in pan and set to rise. Bake brown; serve warm.

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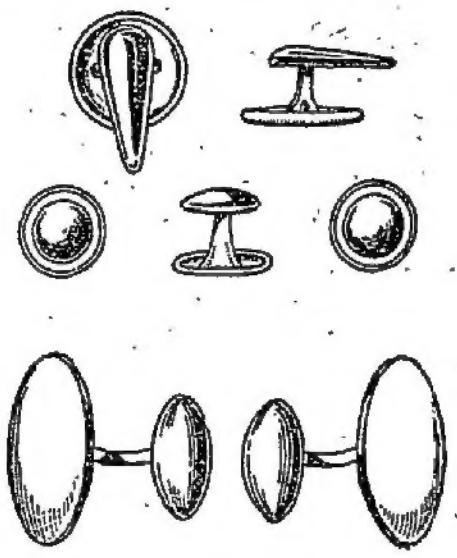

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